

2
THE
P R I Z E,

OR,

2, 5, 3, 8,

A

Musical Farce in Two Acts,

AS PERFORMED BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMPANY.

WRITTEN

BY PRINCE HOARE, *Esq.*

THE

MUSIC BY STORACE.

Correctly taken from the Manager's Book.

D U B L I N :

Printed for F. FARQUHAR, *College-Green.*

M, DCC, XCIII.

17476.56:15.25



Shapleigh fund

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Nor does he, by this accommodation, mean to injure the Authors, but rather would prepare the way for their approach to the Temple of Fame. For their encouragement, He assures such Candidates, that the howling sons of Cerberus are easily soothed by a *sop*, and that the music of *money* will readily lull the most watchful descendant of *Argus*.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LENITIVE	—	Mr. Bannister, Jun.
LABEL	—	— Suett,
CADDY	—	— Wewitzer,
HEARTWELL	—	— Whitfield,
JUBA	—	Mrs. Bland,
SERVANT	—	— Lyons,
BOY	—	Master Gregfon.

WOMEN.

Mrs. CADDY	—	Mrs. Booth,
CAROLINE	—	Signora Storace..

ACT I.

SCENE,—*A Room at an Inn.*—HEARTWELL *discovered asleep in an Undress on a Sopha*; JUBA *sitting by him, playing on a Guittar.*

After the Tune, HEARTWELL wakes,

JUBA!

JUBA. You call, Massa?

HEART. How long have I been asleep?

JUBA. You sleep long time, Massa; most two hour; sleep do you good; you better now, Massa; Juba glad you better.

HEART. How unfortunate was this accident during my search after Caroline! whilst I was every hour in hopes of tracing out the place to which her father has conveyed her, to be laid up in my bed for six days in an inn; without money, without friends, without—

JUBA. Don't you sorry, Massa; I your friend,

HEART. Poor little fellow! I have no power at present to reward thee.

JUBA. You good to me, Massa, when I come from my own country---you very good when I sick; no mind you no money, you have money bine by.

B

SONG

SONG.

You care of money, care no more,
No tink if you be rich or poor,
My mind employ;
Me stay with you; no sorry, no!
And where away my Massa go,
Go poor black boy.

You good to me, dat keepy here;
No, Massa! dat you never fear;
Long time destroy:
You know death kill, but leave one part,
He never kill de loving heart
Of poor black boy!

HEART. This kind creature's gratitude for the freedom I procured for him is without bounds.

(Juba bowing)

HEART. Who are you bowing to there?

JUBA. Massa Lenitive, your doctor, he come here:

HEART. I'm not more tired of my sick room than I am of my apothecary; in a country town one is glad of any assistance that can be met with; but never, sure, was there such a mixture of ignorance and professional importance, as in this fellow.

JUBA. He come to door on stair now, Massa.

HEART. Now then, for my ears to be dinn'd with a battery of technical terms. I'll dismiss him to-day, I'm determin'd.

Enter

Enter LENITIVE.

LEN. Mr. Heartwell, your obedient! you slept well, doubtless, on the balsamick?

HEART. Thanks to your care and skill, Mr. Lenitive; I'm not quite well.

LEN. By no means, Sir! Yesterday our pulse intimated an approximation to convalescence; but we are yet much disorderd. Did you take those little medicines that I ordered you this morning?

HEART. Yes, and want nothing now but fresh air to strengthen me.

LEN. Give me leave, Sir.

Sits down by him on the sofa, pulls out his watch and feels Heartwell's pulse.

You must keep yourself remarkably quiet; and not suffer any one to speak to you: in all case. Mr. Heartwell, of a similar nature to your's, where either laceration or extravasation takes place on the membranous or cartilaginous fibres---the---you'll excuse me, Sir--I'm afraid I don't make myself perfectly understood?

HEART. Indeed you do not! (*aside*). Oh, perfectly, Sir! Go on.

LEN. I just remark'd, Sir, that where a systole or diastole is caused by any affection of the intercostal muscles or the diaphragm, in those cases.—

Enter LABEL.

LABEL. A letter for you, Sir, (*to Lenitive*)

LEN. Bless my soul! you'll excuse me, Mr.

Heartwell—some case of importance—I'm so overcharg'd with patients—great rapidity of ideas, Captain, requisite for a medicinal person—one moment weighing the vibration of the nerves, and another diving into the viscera!

HEART. A mistake might, I presume, be dangerous?

LEN. Fatal, Sir—absolutely fatal! An accident of the kind happened here last week—Doctor Lancet, my opponent—for merit, Sir—you know, Sir, merit every where has its shadow—Doctor Lancet, Sir, ordered a medicine styptic, congestive, and anticathartick, which he intended to go directly to the lungs—but, unfortunately, not recollecting that his patient's complaint lay in the plexus hepaticus, and not in the pulmonaria—the medicine, to be sure, did its business.

HEART. And the patient's business too, I suppose?

LEN. Exactly so, Sir—Ha! ha! ha!

LABEL. Ha! ha! ha!

LEN. You'll excuse my young man—Ha! ha! fond of a joke—Eh, Label! it was exactly so, Sir—I am cautious in saying it—but you'll excuse me whilst I read this—the case perhaps is pressing—Odsso! an express from London! a consultation probably—nothing more usual Eh, Label! you know, nothing more common?

LABEL. Oh no, nothing—nothing more common with us.

LEN. (*reads*) "Sir, your ticket"—So, so! an account of one of my lottery tickets—(*rises*) "Sir, your ticket in the English lottery, No.

No. 78, was on the tenth day drawn—a blank!"
—Um! always dabbling in the lottery; never
shall have any luck!—"And your ticket, No.
2, 5, 3, 8, was this day drawn a prize of Ten
Thousand Pounds principal money!"—Bless
my—

HEART. But pray, Doctor—

LEN. Ten thousand Pounds! (*jumps about
in extacy.*)

HEART. But pray, now, Mr. Lenitive—

LEN. No. 2, 5, 3, 8! a lucky number in-
deed! I know what I'll do with it—But I'll
keep it a secret. (*apart.*)

HEART. Why, what possesses the man! but
I say, Doctor Lenitive—(*rises and follows him
about.*)

LEN. Oh! I had forgot my patient! (*re-
suming his gravity.*)

LABEL. Any orders for the shop, Sir?

LEN. Damn the shop!—Eh! what! no,
no—I shall return presently.

LABEL. "Damn the shop!"—why, I never
heard such— (*Exit muttering,*)

LEN. You'll excuse me, Sir—but a case
that was particularly interesting—

HEART. A successful one, I presume, by
the violent symptoms of your joy?

LEN. Yes, Sir, very successful indeed:
more than I cou'd expect.

HEART. That's the first modest word I ever
heard him speak of himself. (*aside.*)

LEN. 2, 5, 3, 8! But I forget my patient
—I think you were saying, Sir—

HEART. I was saying, Sir, that I find myself so much recover'd as to have no longer need to trouble you.

LEN. Give me leave, give me leave, Sir; (*feels his pulse.*) Why, ay, Sir, your ticket—poh! your fever, I mean, Sir—Yes, your fever, as you say, is quite subsided—yes—bless me, how lucky! Ten Thousand Pound! quite subsided, yes, I say, quite—However, I wou'd advise you to continue on your couch another day, Sir—Ten Thousand! how I shall astonish Mr. Caddy with the news; and my dear Miss Caroline too—But—Zounds, I forgot my patient! I cou'd wish you, Sir, let me consider—I can't think how I shall get the money sent down to me—I cou'd wish you not to go out to-day, Sir.

HEART. Well, Sir, as you please; for one day more, but must I continue my draughts?

LEN. Drafts! egad, well thought on! I'd better have it sent down in drafts—drafts! yes, Sir—no, no—I—I shall send you some drops to take.

HEART. But what number?

LEN. Number Two Thousand Five Hundred and Thirty Eight—a most lucky number!

HEART. Two thousand drops! why, zounds I shou'd be all day in counting 'em!

LEN. Count—no, no, Sir—I mean—no, nine or ten drops—nine or ten will be quite sufficient—I forgot my patient indeed!

HEART. Why sure the man's crazy!

LEN. You'll excuse me, Captain, but I'm engag'd to attend Mr. Caddy, and shall see you

you again in the afternoon.

HEART. Mr. Caddy, Sir—Is he in the neighbourhood? (*eagerly.*)

LEN. He has a house near here, Sir, of which he has lately taken possession; famous for one of the finest collection of Chinese curiosities in Europe; which I am myself going to enrich to day with—Ten Thousand Pound! I mean—a celebrated figure of Chinese Bonze, or High Priest---I'll give you a particular account of it---A----

HEART. Another time if you please. Pray, Mr. Lenitive, has Mr. Caddy a daughter?

LEN. Two thousand five hundred and thirty-eight!

HEART. How! what!

LEN. Odso! ask pardon, Sir---Daughter! yes, Sir Miss Caroline, a most accomplished and amiable young lady---Well, you'll continue in your room to-day.

HEART. You'll excuse me, Sir---Juba! my things to dress! (*In raptures---Exit Juba.*)

LEN. Bless me! his fever's returned! My dear Sir---you must not think of stirring out to day---for—Ten thousand Pound!

HEART. But I must---I hope my journey will produce double the sum---How fortunate.

LEN. Fortunate indeed, Sir---astonishingly fortunate---but, dear Sir, you are not aware, that by exposing yourself thus suddenly to the inclemency of the atmosphere---

HEART. Pray leave me now, Sir.

LEN. You'll close the reticula of the cutis.

HEART. Be gone, I say!

LEN.

LEN. Be gone! Oh, yes! he's quite delirious
---but consider, Sir, the coagulation of the
juices.

HEART. Zounds! depart, I say. (*driving
him off.*)

LEN. For a strait waistcoat---take care,
Sir, how you bring on a constipation of the
fluids.

HEART. Death and fire! get out.

LEN. And at the termination of the com-
plaint, produce a mortification of the nobler
intestines; which will finally compleat the
dissolution of the system.

HEART. Ten thousand Devils fly away with
you!

LEN. Ten thousand pounds! 2, 5, 3 8!

(*Exit.*)

HEART. This fellow's certainly mad! there's
no end to his impertinence!---Juba! (*Enter
JUBA.*) Bring me pen, ink, and paper directly
and go again to the post-office. (*Exit JUBA.*)

HEART. Now for my Caroline---the hope
of seeing her revives me to life, health, and
spirits.---This blockhead Lenitive, has done
me some good at last. (*Exit,*)

SCENE. *the outside of a House in a Rural Situation---
CAROLINE discovered at the Window after throwing up
the sash.*

AIR AND DUET.

Ah, tell me softly-breathing gale,
Did you my voice obey?
Ah, did you tell the plaintive tale?
The tender sigh convey?

Ah,

Ah, faithless gales! ye were unkind,
Ye did no sighs convey.

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

What singy! hark! so much me please,
How music set my heart at ease!

CAR.

Ah, Juba!

JUBA.

Is it you? or only fancy no tell true.

CAR.

Go haste to let thy master know
The transport of my mind!

JUBA.

That voice me sure have in my mind,
Who singy there I pray?

CAR.

Ah, may I hope, if he return,
A constant heart to find?

JUBA.

JUBA.

Me haste to let my Massa know
The transport of your mind, &c. &c.

Ah Miffy! me glad to see you; poor Massa
be very glad.

CAR. Is Mr. Heartwell in this town? where
is he? how does he do?

JUBA. Ifs, Miffy! Massa here at an inn close
by; he send me to post a great many time—
me bring no letter, massa be sad—but he not.

Mrs CADDY *without,*

Mrs CAD. Caroline! (*calling.*)

CAR. Ma'am!—What is he not? Juba.

Mrs CAD. Caroline, where are you all this
while?

CAR. Coming this instant, Ma'am—But,
Juba, tell me of Heartwell—isn't he well?

JUBA. He no well now, Miffy; but he well
when he see you.

Mrs. CAD. Caroline, come down directly,
and shut the window.

CAR Coming, Mamma—Juba, haste to
your master, tell him my father has selected an
odious apothecary to be my husband; but that
I'm determin'd I wont have him.

Mrs. CAD. Why, Caroline, I say—

CAR. Coming, Mamma!

JUBA. Very well, Miffy! me tell him—dis
do

do my Massa heart good—dis better dan eat and drink, and potecary's stuff too—me go tell my Massa dis now, go to post by and by.

(Exit, CAROLINE *shuts the window.*)

SCENE, *an Apothecary's Shop—Physic, Phials, &c*

Enter LENITIVE.

LEN. Ten thousand pounds! wherefore shou'd I be an apothecary? Poh! throw physic to the dogs! I'll be a gentleman! if I marry Miss Caroline, with the addition of *her* fortune, I shall make one of the finest figures in the universe! I was born to gentility! (*struts*) I feel it in my veins—in my bones—and the whole mass of my circulation—But the opening of my fortune, ay, that's the point—it wou'd be a nice hit if I cou'd devise some recipe to surprise Mr. Caddy's family smartly at the time of discovery—a few grains of the belefsprit on this occasion may operate in my favour.

During this speech Label enters, and attempts to speak several times to Lenitive, at last pulls him by the sleeve,

LABEL. Sir! Sir!

LEN. Ha! Label!

LABEL. You've been very much wanted here, Sir; Lady Blubber and Mrs Restles have sent to desire you'd come directly to'em—I've been up at Mrs Neverwell's—I'm afraid that will turn out a bad job—she has taken every prescription in our day-book—and I don't know

know what more can be done for the poor creature—she was piteous bad, and crying out with pain !

During the speech Lenitive appears absorbed and unmindful of Label's speaking ; and at last bursts out into a loud laugh.

LABEL. How ! what does it divert you Sir ?

LEN. That will do ! I have got an excellent thought just come in my head !

LABEL. I'm glad of it, for they're all desperate sad,

LEN. Yes, I have it !

LABEL. Dear me, I'm glad of it ! D'ye think you can cure her sir ?

LEN. How it will surprise 'em !

LABEL. Yes, that will surprise 'em indeed and I'm sure it will yield great joy to the whole family.

LABEL, Eh ! why yes as you say, Label ! they'll all enjoy it mightily. I'll tell you how I'll manage it.

LABEL. Well, Sir

LEN. You know I have promis'd to give Mr. Caddy an old Chinese figure : which I have told him is a High Priest embalm'd—now, as this is a curious case——

LABEL. Quite puzzling, Sir !

LEN. I'll send him two instead of one—so do you go to the carpenter's ?

LABEL. The carpenter's !

LEN. Yes, to be sure the carpenter's !

LABEL. But, dear Sir, the poor lady's situation

tion won't admit of delay ; for I warrant you she's in fits again by this time.

LEN. Fits! who's in fits?

LABEL. Nrs. Neverwell, Sir.

LEN. Mrs. Neverwell, blockhead! Answer me, Label, don't you know I've got the Ten thousand pound prize?

LABEL. How, Sir! Ten thousand pound!

LEN. Ah, 2, 5, 3, 8!—And now I tell you—if ever you speak a word more to me about fits or phyfic again, I'll poison ye, ye dog!

LABEL. Poison me!

LEN. Yes, I'll poison you.

LABEL. No, I fancy you won't venture to do that.

LEN. Not venture! pray why not?

LABEL. Because you'll be afraid I shall repay you in kind.

LEN. What! do you pretend to enter the lists with me in my profession! in the *Arte Necandi*.

LABEL. And why not pray? I believe I can lay claim to as many pretty little accidents as yourself.

LEN. Indeed! how so, pray?

LABEL. Yes indeed! and you reap'd the benefit of 'em; Who d'ye think made all the Mayor's family sick, when you got so many fees from 'em, one after another?

LEN. Why, who?

LABEL. Who but I—Monsieur Frican-deau, the French cook, was my old acquaintance;

tance ; so, under pretence of recommending him some very nice sauce for the Mayor that I bought him, I whipt in a little saccharum saturni, and gave the whole family the colic. If you recollect, by making a very slight encrease of their disorder at the beginning you kept 'em under your care for nine weeks.

LEN. Why, yes; that was a snug job, I must own.

LABEL. Therefore, Sir, if you're retiring from business, I shou'd be glad if you'd please to reccommend me.

LEN. Label, you shall succeed me—Aris secundus Apollo—you shall be the second Apollo.

LABEL. Thank ye, Sir.

LEN. I herewith invest you with the insignia of wisdom—take my cane—take my hat—take my wig—take my coat, waistcoat—

LABEL. But have not you promis'd to go to Mr. Caddy's this morning, Sir? you won't go without your wig, will you?

LEN. That's true, Label—I must go once more as an apothecary—poh! But never more will I look on a gallipot—you shall never more know me to have *been* an apothecary.

LABEL. Not know you! Lord bless you! why I shou'd know you all the world over for an apothecary by your talk.

LEN. But you shall now see the difference—you shall never hear from my mouth a single word that shall remind you of physic : for
certainly

certainly nothing is so vulgar as for a man's conversation to smell of his shop!

LABEL. Lord, Sir, you've begun already!—Ha! ha! ha! why that's *secundum artem*—“Smell of your shop;”

LEN. Why did I say so?

LABEL. Oh yes you did.

LEN. Did I Smell of my shop! well it was the last motion of phyfic within my lips; now be sure you don't let a tittle of my Ten thousand pound pass through you to any one living—I'll surprize 'em with the sudden eclat—break out on the whole family—so d'ye hear, Label, if any patients send to me for medicines or advice, tell 'em to take notice—*take*—no, plague on't—that *take* is an apothecary's word—smells of the shop too—tell 'em to take——

LABEL. At it again, Sir—take——

LEN. Damnation! tell 'em to take themselves about their business.

Enter Boy with a Basket.

BOY. Some bottles, Sir, for your shop!

LEN. Damn the bottles! and the shop!

(Kicks 'em out of the Boy's hand.)

LABEL. There now, see what a number of bottles.

LEN. Damn all numbers but 2, 5, 3, 8!—Throw phyfic to the dogs—2, 5, 3, 8—Ten thousand pounds:

Exit, kicking of basket and breaking the bottles on the shelf as he goes off: Label and Boy run off.

C 2

SCENE

SCENE, a Parlour at CADDY'S.—Enter CADDY with a Letter, followed by Mrs CADDY.

CAD. Here! here's a fellow throws himself on my generosity:

Mrs. CAD. Why surely nothing can be handsomer than Mr. Heartwell's behaviour in writing thus to you,

CAD. And what do you think he does it for? Because he does not want my girl without her fortune.

Mrs. CAD. And no one is more deserving of her fortune and her too.

CAD. But he shan't have it tho'—no, no, trade got it, and let trade keep it; I'll have my daughter happy in my own way—Mr. Lenitive is a proper orderly young man, in a good business; a man of science and good taste. Do you know that he has promis'd to send me a true old Chinese Bonze to-day?

Mrs. CAD. Old Bonze; hav'nt you old bones enough of your own already?

CAD. Poh, poh; But where's Caroline all this time?—Caroline—

Enter CAROLINE.

CAR. Did you want me, papa?

CAD. To be sure I do; Look here huffy; you know Mr. Heartwell's hand, I suppose?
(*shews the letter.*)

CAR. Oh dear, yes, that I do.

CAD.

CAD. Didn't I charge you, before you left town, when I retired to this seat, which I came to entirely on your account; didn't I—I say, charge you to break off all acquaintance with Mr. Heartwell, because he had not money enough to support you?

CAR. Yes papa; and you charg'd me *before* we left town to ~~lose~~ Mr. Heartwell; and, as you chang'd your mind once, I hop'd you might do the same again.

CAD. No jesting, huffy; did not I bring all my family into this retired part of the country, that we might not be plagu'd with his visits; and that he might not even know where to find us?

CAR. Yes, papa; and it being so *retired* a part of the country, I wish'd for Mr. Heartwell to keep me company.

CAD. Why you impudent!—harkee, huffy hav'nt I done all this to make you happy?

CAR. I don't know, papa; we differ strangely in our ideas of happiness.

CAD. How, minx! an't I always trying to make you happy, if you wou'd but be so: but I can't persuade you to be happy in my way, hav'nt I found for you, here in the country; a suitable husband in Mr. Lenitive—a sensible—respectable—agreeable——

CAR. Heigho!

CAD. There again; why, huffy, one wou'd think I was asking you to take his physic instead of him.

CAR. Why indeed papa, his phyfic is the most agreeable of the two ; and you know this Mr. Lenitive—

CAD. Is a man after my own heart ; so don't say a word against him ; you know what a value I have for him ; you'll thank me the longest day of your life for procuring you such a husband—Oh, here he comes ; Now let me see how well you can behave to him.

Enter LENITIVE.

LEN. Mrs. Caddy, your most devoted—Mr Caddy, I'm your's—My charming amiable Miss Caroline, your most enslav'd—you seem divinely well this morning—your looks are the very syrup of roses—you're a happy man Mr. Caddy, in being the father of such a sweet young lady—I protest the very sight warms my heart like a cardamum :

CAR. Filthy fellow ;—Mr. Lenitive, your love always puts me in mind of your shop.

LEN. Oh, damn the shop ; why what did I say, Miss, did I speak about my shop?

CAR. Yes, you compar'd me to a drug, and said I warm'd your heart like a cardamum.

LEN. Did I ; oh plague of my apothecary's vocabulary. (*retires up.*)

CAD. Harkee, Miss, if you're come back to your senses, I advise you to look on Mr. Lenitive as your husband that is to be ; and if you have not yet recover'd 'em, I'll send him to ye as a physician.

CAR.

CAR. Oh, papa, I'll take him as a physician.

CAD. Why, you're not ill, are you?

CAR. No, but I soon shou'd be if he were my husband: and then I must take him for both,

CAD. Caroline, I'm asham'd of ye.

LEN. Pardon me, Mr. Caddy—Pray, Miss Caroline—if I may make bold to feel the pulse of your inclinations, what can you find to dislike in me?

CAR. Why; I dislike you on the whole. Is not that enough.

LEN. But what do you dislike about me in particular?

CAR. Why I don't like your wig.

LEN. My wig! don't like my wig! fanciful enough! Well, that perhaps time—how I long to tell her—but mum—I shall surprize 'em this afternoon, but what else do you dislike?

CAR. I don't like your coat.

LEN. Don't like my coat! my wig and my coat, my dear Miss Caroline, perhaps, I say no more at present, but perhaps time may mend 'em

CAR. Then I don't like your face.

LEN. Oh, damn it! time won't mend that!

CAD. Dear Mr. Lenitive, excuse this girl—she's young and foolish at present—Caroline, an't you asham'd of yourself? Mr. Lenitive's dress is suited to his profession.

LEN. Profession—fogh! I can't bear to hear it mentioned. (*Aside*), I'll go directly to Whipstitch, the taylor, and equip myself in
the

the pink of the mode.—Mr. Caddy, you'll excuse me—particular business—Miss Caroline—suffer me from those bright eyes to take one emollient draught of comfort—plague on the words of my shop—they stick to my tongue like a blister. (*going*)

CAD. But, Mr. Lenitive, you won't forget the Bonze?

LEN. Hæret lateri, Mr. Caddy; I'll set it instantly in motion.

CAD. You'll think of me?

LEN. Oh mihi post nullos Caddi memorandi sodales—2, 5, 3, 8. (*Exit with Mrs. Caddy.*)

CAD. There now! there's a husband for ye—none of your Heartwell's for me, hark'ee, did not you send word to Heartwell of the place we are retired to?

CAR. Me, papa! not I!

CAD. Come, I know you did—you have no regard to the pains I take to make you happy—I wonder, if I was to disinheret you for your perverseness, whether Heartwell wou'd travel as far to find you.

CAR. Yes, papa, I'm sure he wou'd—because——

CAD. Ah, because why, pray?

CAR. Because he told me himself.

CAD. That's a good reason indeed! No, no, I fancy we shou'd not be troubled with many of his visits then.

CAR. Nor Mr. Lenitive's either.

CAD.

CAD. Now don't make me angry, or I'll disinherit you in earnest, and leave your fortune to your cousin Clara, who is expected here in a few days.

CAR. Now my dear papa! I have hit on a scheme which you must assist me to put in practice; after which, if you desire it, I am willing to marry Mr. Lenitive.

CAD. A scheme! nonsense! what scheme is it?

CAR. Only to inform Mr. Heartwell and Mr. Lenitive, that you have disinherited me, and settled your fortune on my cousin Clara; then suffer me to pass for her.

CAD. Well?

CAR. Then we may make trial of 'em both, and find which is the most disinterested; and see who's in the right, you or I,

CAD. What, and if Heartwell makes love to the suppos'd cousin——

CAR. I'll marry Lenitive as soon as you please.

CAD. Ah, you little fool! then you'll be married to-morrow morning.

CAR. Very well

CAD. But you don't consider, that Clara has been so long in France, she has more than half forgot the use of her native tongue; how then will you pass for her without being discovered.

CAR. Nothing more easy; 'tis only dressing myself out like an Opera dancer, tossing
my

my head, and imitating the French.

CAD. Hark'e, Caroline, you may imitate your cousin's affectation, and toss your head about as much as you please; but as long as I have a leg to stand on, I promise ye none of my family shall ever imitate the French.

CAR. My dear papa, don't misconceive me; I mean to disguise myself, only by an exposition of their folly; for, however I may copy their ridicule by this scheme I have in my head, my heart is of true English growth, I assure ye.

CAD. Well, I like the bargain well enouh; I'll send to Lenitive and Heartwell directly; do you get yourself ready, and mind our agreement. *(Exit.)*

CAR. That I will, most rigidly; but if my plot fails, I'll willingly relinquish all hopes of happiness with my lover.

SONG.

Oh, dear delightful skill,
 The wily part to play,
 And lead the swain at will,
 I think I know the way;
 With tears and sighs
 I'll now surprise,
 Now pleas'd awhile,
 With smiles beguile,
 And fairly gain the day,
 For I think I know the way. While

While mistress of my art,
Each rule I know so pat,
To sway a lover's heart,
Leave me alone for that.

At school when all wou'd try
Our governess to cheat,
Then who so well as I
Cou'd manage the deceit?
With look so fly,
No, sure, not I;
Dear Ma'am, not me,
It cou'd not be!
You know I'm too discreet—
Dear Ma'am, it cou'd not be, &c. &c.
(Exit.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, — *Caddy's Museum* — Enter Mr. and
Mrs. CADDY.

CAD.

POOOR Caroline! this matter will soon be
settled; she'll scarcely go from her word;
and I'm sure of Lenitive. So, thank Hea-
ven, my girl will be happy at last in the way
I wou'd have her. *(A noise without)*

Mrs CAD. Hey-day! what is all that noise
on the stair-case?

Enter SERVANT,

SERV. Sir, Mr. Lenitive's compliments to
you and Miss Caroline, and he has sent two
casses.

CAD. Ay, my dear, he sent me word he
hop'd

hop'd to present me with a second case, which I shou'd esteem a no less valuable curiosity than the first; another Bonze I suppose; this is a son-in-law after my own heart; no fopperies—no fineries—Oh, here they come—

Enter MEN with two Mummy Cases, which they set down and Exit.

And here's Mr. Lenitive—eh! No, its Label!

Enter LABEL dress'd exactly as LENITIVE.

CAD. Why, friend, I was in hopes of seeing your master.

LABEL. *Master*, Sir, *Master!*—Sir, Mr. Lenitive will be here presently—any complaints in the family, Sir? as Mr. Lenitive is retiring from business, I shou'd be glad to be employ'd during the *residuum* of your days, Sir—you may depend on constant attendance, reasonable bills, and a Copia Medicinorum, Opitmorum, and Santiffimorum.

CAD. Constant attendance! Why damme, Sir, d'ye think I mean to bespeak disorders as I do my shoes, and be ill by the year! Get out of my sight directly!

LABEL. An old frump! but he's a good customer, and so——

(aside muttering and retiring up.)

CAD. An impudent puppy! His master retiring! No, no, his master is not such a fool, Now, my dear—let me see—Oh, Lord, here's

D

Heart-

Heartwell, plague on him for coming just at this moment! he shan't have a sight of the Chinese Bonzes, though I long to see 'em myself, but they are too sacred for the eyes of a fop.

Enter HEARTWELL in Regimentals,

CAD. Mr. Heartwell, your servant!

HEART. Is it possible, Sir, I can be so fortunate as——

CAD. I guess what you're going to say, Sir; but you can't guess what I'm going to say to you, and so I'll tell you—You must know, Sir, you'll be surpris'd—but Caroline's perverse behaviour has, at last, induced me to transfer my affections to my niece Clara, to whom I have made over all the fortune I formerly design'd for Caroline.

HEART. How, Sir! Disinherited your own daughter!

CAD. Yes, Sir; disinherited my own daughter! I suppose I may do what I will with my own? Oh ho! what that alters the case, does it?

HEART. Sir, if you meant only to insult me——

CAD. Insult you! no, Sir; I sent for you only out of respect to you.

HEART. Sir,

CAD. Sir, yes, Sir; I sent for you to offer you my niece Clara's hand, if you chuse her, instead of Caroline's: why, you'd scarce know
one

one from the other, except that Clara is more accomplish'd from having been educated abroad, and not so homely as Caroline.

HEART. How, Sir; do you think to make sport of me like an idiot? Be assured, Sir, your niece's accomplishments are no object to me—but where is my dear Caroline? no force shall keep her from me—her poverty shall be my pride—and the profit of my commission, though small, shall be lavish'd on her, and every effort strain'd to make her happy as her merit deserves, and so, Sir, your servant, (*exit.*)

CAD. Oh, your servant Sir, what I suppose he'd persuade me that if he was rich he'd marry Caroline without a fortune—but I know the world a little too well, but now, my dear Mrs. Caddy, how I long to see 'em;

Opens Case and discovers a black deform'd Chinese Joss.

THERE'S NO. —I never saw a greater beauty; it's enough to frighten one to look at it! what awe it inspires! ay, ay, this is the pride of my intended son-in-law; he's fonder of this than the whole female race, now Heartwell's a fool; fond of nothing but wine, women, and such trumpery—no sense, no taste—Now if the other be but as great a curiosity—if No. 2.

Opens Case. LENITIVE, bolts out with the Lottery Ticket in his hand.

LEN. Number Two Thousand Five Hundred and Thirty Eight; bought at Richardson

and Goodluck's, Charing Cross, opposite the man upon the Black Horse.

CAD. Why what the devil is all this, Mr. Lenitive?

LEN. Mr. Caddy, fortune, who too often confers her favours blindly, has this day displayed her superior taste by selecting me for her favourite: I come in this manner to offer to your family an estate of Ten thousand pounds principal money. Of the many cases I have been engaged in, I have come out of this in the most brilliant manner,

CAD. Ah. I had rather have had another old Bonze.

LEN. I flatter myself this humour of mine breaking out quite in a new vein—this dress—

CAD. Dress; why you look like a Tom fool why what the deuce do you mean by this little jacket?

LEN. Little jacket; why that's my great coat

CAD. Great coat.

LEN. Yes, great coat, every body wear these.

CAD. Why who the deuce makes such great coats?

LEN. Who? why Whipstitch, the London taylor?

CAD. Whipstitch—where does he live?

LABEL. On the skirts of the town.

LEN. But where's the charming young lady, Mr. Caddy, who has the honour to be your niece?

CAD. What, you heard all about it then while you was in the case?

LEN.

LEN. With astonishment!

CAD. Ay, I have my reasons for it; and egad I suspect one more than I thought—Well, what say you; Caroline without a fortune, or Clara with one? I give you your choice—that is, provided you return to your old coat and wig.

LEN. Pardon me, Mr. Caddy, pray drop the idea of the old coat and wig! the stomach turns at the bare remembrance.

DUET.

LEN.

From my hide and seek chin,
Sometimes out, sometimes in,

How flashy my muslin cascade is!
The pulse no more I squeeze,
But softly as you please;

I now squeeze the hand of the ladies,

LABEL.

To all who complain,
Here, I hold out my cane,
For Label a knight of the trade is;
No hand so fair to me,
As the hand that holds a fee,
And I care not a pin for the ladies.

LEN.

See my gold cane and wig
I've hung upon a peg,

Hic cœstus urturque repono ;
Gentility's my plan,
And I leave my journeyman
The care of the Publico Bono.

LABEL.

The world if you try,
First of Doctors am I,
For ills that I know, and I don't know,
Deny it if you can,
Little Label is the man
To take care of the Publico Bono.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE, — *Another Chamber at Caddy's.*

Enter HEARTWELL.

HEART. I'll not leave the house till I find
this apothecary; at his shop they assured me
he was here; besides, in waiting I may have
a chance of seeing my dear Caroline—Eh!
who comes here?

Enter LENITIVE.

LEN. Cousin; Caroline—take the cousin
instead of Caroline—Love is a very pretty in-
gredient in a match to be sure: but love and
fortune make a much pleasanter mixture.

HEART. Your servant, Sir!

LEN. Whom have we hear! Heartwell
again? Zounds! how he's recover'd since I left
him

him—He certainly has not taken his phyfic.

HEART. Eh! is that my rival yonder—he's strangely alter'd in his appearance—Your servant, Sir!

LEN. Sir, your servant!

HEART. May I presume to ask Sir, if your name is not Lenitive, the apothecary?

LEN. Lenitive, Sir—Luke Lenitive, Esq. at your service: but apothecary no more.

HEART. I hear, Sir, that Mr. Caddy has some thoughts of marrying his daughter to you.

LEN. You hear so—He! he! he! I believe Sir, there may be some thoughts of such a thing.

HEART. Have you the lady's consent Sir?

LEN. The lady's consent! Ha! ha! ha! egad that's pleasant enough! I shou'd think any one that look'd at my figure—

HEART. Your figure's as ridiculous as I conceive your pretensions to be; you look to me like—

LEN. Like what, Sir?

HEART. Like an apothecary.

LEN. The Devil I do!

HEART. And let me advise you, Mr, Apothecary, to be cautious how you proceed! or you'll have more business to settle than you are aware of.

LEN, Sir, I've left my business! but pray, Captain, have you any right to prescribe to me? I've got Ten thousand pound in my pocket, that's more than every gentleman of the army can boast,

HEART. Hark'e, Mr. Whipper-snapper, if you

you suffer Mr. Caddy to lay the least shadow of restraint on his daughter's inclinations, the only choice I shall leave you will be, the length of your ground the pistol-shot.

LEN. Egad, then I'll chuse a sufficient long one.

HEART. But why do I talk of a pistol to a fellow that deserves to be pounded in his own mortar?

LEN. Let me advise you, Sir, to be on your guard! how you insult a gentleman with such language—Whipper-snapper indeed! you'll find, Sir, that if once I take hold of a pistol—

HEART. A pistol! a pestle you mean?

LEN. No, Sir, a pistol—I mean a pistol—P, I, S, T, O, L—I say, Sir, if once I take a pestle—a pistol I mean——

HEART. There, you see now—

LEN. Plague of my tongue—I say, Sir, if once I take hold of a pistol——

HEART. Ha! ha! ha!

LEN. What d'ye laugh at, Sir?

HEART. I beg your pardon, Sir—But I was thinking, as I have escap'd safe from your medicines, I need not much be afraid of any thing else I can receive from you: you'll remember my advice—Your most obedient,
Doctor Apothecary. *(Exit)*

LEN. Doctor! Damnation! Oh that ever I shou'd have ever been an apothecary!—Ecod it wou'd be a neat trick enough to take the cousin, and fob this Copper Captain off with a girl without a fixpence—see who'll laugh then

then—Doctor indeed! I'll Doctor him—Oh, here is Mr. Caddy—Well, Sir, what news of the young lady?

Enter CADDY.

CAD. Take care of your heart, Mr. Lenitive—egad she'll make a conquest of you—I have a great mind to give him a hint of the trick—Yonder she comes, d'ye see her! she's as like Caroline as one nankeen beaker is like another.

LEN. (*Crosses to, and looks thro' his glass.*) Egad as you say, they're as like as two pills out of the same box.

CAD. D'ye think she's as handsome?

LEN. Handsomer!

CAD. I don't like that—(*aside.*) But Caroline is the better match for all that—Well, here she comes—I'll leave ye together—but remember you had better take Caroline.

LEN. Take Caroline without a fortune—No—marriage without money is, as the Song says, "Bitter to swallow, and hard of digestion."

Enter CAROLINE.

(*skims across*)

CAR. Ah, ma chere bon ami la jolie Garcon!

LEN. Egad this is the very thing for me! quite the shapes for a man of my fortune—how lucky that I'm a gentleman! I wish she spoke English though, that I might understand her.

CAR. Ah, Monsieur Lenitive, comme est Beau——

LEN.

LEN. A Beau ! yes, I am that ! she's struck with my figure—Yes, she has a good taste—egad she's the first person I've found in the house who has any.

CAR. Ah, Monsieur, qui'l est a Beau,

LEN. Kill a beau ! no, Miss—I've cur'd many—never kill'd one in all my life—Oh, she means that I shall die for love of her—Yes, lovely charmer, in that your charms are more dangerous than medicine—they are sufficient to unnerve the fibres of the strongest heart—pierce the integuments of the pericordium; and penetrate quite thro' the solids into the medulla---Zounds ! this unlucky jargon is always at my tongue's end !

CAR. Monsieur, you speak a to me of physic.

LEN. Ah, she has smelt me out---I must alter my system---Pray, Miss Clara, did you ever see me before ?

CAR. Oui tres souvent.

LEN. What's that you say, Miss ?

CAR. Je parle Francois ?

LEN. No, Miss I don't parley in Francoise ---Damn it, that's unlucky too, now I'm a gentleman !

CAR. Parle Italiano ?

LEN. No, Miss, I don't speak French at all.

CAR. No. I believe all languages are alike to him. (*aside*)

LEN. What d'ye say, Miss ?

CAR. Que vous etes charmante.

LEN. No, nor Jarman---I speak all the dead languages but French and Jarman !

CAR

CAR. Ah, ce ne maimex pas.

LEN, No, Miss, it's you have maimed me in the heart, and must now be my physician.

CAR. Ah, I fear you no love a me!

LEN. I entreat you Miss, to throw off those fears--(*Kneels*), Suffer me to assure you, Miss, that nothing can root out my passion—I am positive that neither change of air nor diet cou'd give me the smallest relief—No, Miss, the fever of love is so strong upon me, that I'm certain sixteen grains of James's powders wou'd have no more effect than—Damn it, I'm nail'd to the counter like a bad shilling. (*rises*)

CAR. Ah, pitie pauvre Caroline, who will be so much disappoint of so sweet a gentilhomme.

LEN. Oh dear no; disappointment perhaps may disorder her stomach—occasion bile—but that's all—I'll venture to assert that a little sal polycrest and rhubarb, taking regularly three table spoons full, four or five times a day—Zounds, I've got into my shop again!

CAR. You see my cousin no more den?

LEN. Oh your cousin, Miss, wou'd not have done for me at all—very well in the country, but wou'd not do to hang upon my arm in the great world—But when we go to London we shall see the Italian Opera, and hear Mounseer Browni, Signor Kelly, madam Mary, and Signora Scratchi—and then we shall visit all the polite places—Vauxhall Gardens, Apollo Gardens, Bermondsey Spa—

CAR. Ah you make de belle figure.

LEN. A figure? Oh yes, 2, 5, 3, 8, for that.

CAR.

CAR. Vil you dance a chaccone vid me?

LEN. Pray excuse me, Miss, I never danc'd in my life—except after my patients. (*aside*,)

CAR. Vil you sing?

LEN. No, Miss, when I sing—I—I don't often sing when I do they—they—

CAR. Ah, moque de vous!

LEN. Yes, they smoke me—they laugh at me!

CAR. If you please I sing a you de Canzonet and grand Air from the Opera at Paris.

LEN. Oh Lord, ay! that must be charming!

CAROLINE sings.

Beaux yeaux, qui causer mon trepas
Revenez en ces lieux pour finer mon martire,
Depuis votre depart je languis je soupire,
Quand vous me dites good bye jusque au revoir;
How grieve mou cœur leave me en dissespoir,
Farewel plaisir, no joy till vot retour;
Ah! pitie quelque unto my tendre amour,
Je meurs pour vos divins appas et je n'ose.

(*Sung to the height of Burlesque and
Ridicule.*)

LEN. Oh, charming! such melody! such words! tho' damn me if I understood one of 'em!

(*Aside, and retires up soothing CAROLINE.*)

Enter

Enter JUBA with a Letter, following CADDY.

CAD. Don't ask me about your master!

JUBA. Oh me so glad! so glad—Maffa no here?

CAD. No, I tell you—He has been gone this half hour.

JUBA. Den me find him—dis letter make my Maffa so happy! *(Exit.)*

CAD. Well, Mr. Lenitive, how d'ye find yourself? what, you're smitten, are you?

LEN. Oh, enchanted!

CAD. And you are willing to take Clara instead of my daughter, are you?

LEN. With raptures! My dear Mr. Caddy, there's as much difference between her and your daughter as between honey and hieri picra—Miss Clara has more wit, more life, more spirit, more air, more—every thing---she is *sal volatile* itself!

CAD. Now if it was not for the Chinese Bonze he gave me, I cou'd kick him *(Aside)* Hey-day! Heartwell here again.

Enter HEARTWELL with a Letter.

CAD. Well, what do you come for now, Sir?

HEART. I return to you with a heart panting with hope: the intelligence I have here receiv'd, enables me to offer Miss Caroline, with my hand, a fortune superior to that which was once her own. I am ready to take her
F without

without a shilling, and only request to receive her from your hand.

CAR. My dear papa! who's in the right now?

HEART. How! Caroline!

LEN. What Caroline!

CAD. Yes, this was all a trick of Caroline's! but you had not sense enough to see it—you son of a Gallipot!

LEN. So I've made a pretty job of it!

Conversation in dumb show between CAROLINE, HEARTWELL, and CADDY.

Enter LABEL with a Letter,

LABEL. Mr. Lenitive, here's another letter for you, brought to *my shop*, from the Lottery Office.

LEN. Oh, they've sent me a draft for the money, well this will console me for my loss of credit here. *Reads—*

“ SIR,

“ We are sorry to be under the disagreeable necessity of——

What's all this!

“ of apologizing to you, for the unfortunate mistake of a *Figure* in your Lottery Ticket, which was not the number of the Prize, but was immediately afterward drawn.”

No.

"No. 2, 5, 3, 8, was drawn a Blank, but 2, 5, 8, 3, drawn a Prize of Ten Thousand Pounds; was sold by Branscomb and Bish, at their Lucky Office, next the Striking Conjurors, at St. Dunstan's."

Damnation! my Prize is a Blank!

OMNES. A Blank! Ha! ha! ha!

LABEL. How, Sir! a blank?

LEN. There's a mistake in a figure?

LABEL. What in 2, 5, 3, 8?

LEN. Oh curse 2, 5, 3, 8!—I'll tell you what, Label, I'll have my coat and wig again.

LABEL. No you don't tho'—I'm in possession, and that you know—(*Runs off.*)

LEN. I will have my wig, if I get nothing else.

(*Snatching at LABEL's wig as he runs off.*)

Yes, I'll now resume pill, pestle, potion,
powder, drop,

And all the former jargon of my shop:
Return to Galen, Celsus, Hippocrates,
Since now a Gallipot my whole estate is,
With Lotteries now for ever I'll have done,
Forget 2, 5, 3, 8, and stick to Number One.

FINALE.

FINALE.

CAR.

The changling's fate we've set to view,
Our own depends alone on you;
To night, if we your smiles obtain,
We've drawn the Prize we sought to gain.

CHORUS.

With anxious hearts we look about,
To see if Prize or Blank come out;
More vain of you, than fortune kind,
Since you can see, and she is blind.

F I N I S.